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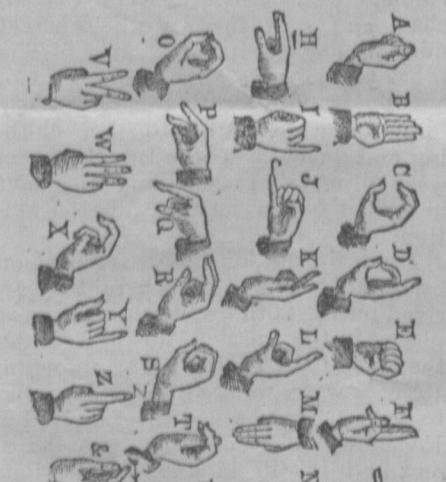
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STORY TELLER.

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hand. All work warranted at the low-
est living prices. Office over H. C.
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SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-
NAL—only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879.

NUMBER 27.

Poetry.

TEACHING THE TEACHER.

BY OLIVETTE ELLIS.

The sun thro' the school-house window
Streamed down over desk and seat,
Like an airy, golden stairway.
To be traveled by angels' feet;
And the rosy-faced lads and lasses,
As by two and two they sat,
Were playing the quaint "Bean porridge"
With its "pit-a-pat-pat-pat-pat."

But one with home-spun garments,
And never a ribbon band,
With a face like a fair, wild flower,
Fresh-blown from the Maker's hand,
Sat apart in the light of the window
Where the sunbeams slanted down,
Lighting with tender radiance
Her curls of chestnut-brown.

The hazel eyes of the teacher
Dwelt long on the sweet, young face;
Then he crossed to where she was sitting;
And said, with tact and grace—
"Can you teach me the old game, Mary,
The others are playing now?"

I used to play it years ago;
I have quite forgotten how."

"O yes," she said "I know it
Just as well as can be—"

First with the right hand, then the left,
Like this—and see, see."

While the little hands uplifted,

Dimpled, brown and fat,
Against the teacher's soft, white palms
Went "pit-a-pat-pat-pat-pat."

He proved so apt a pupil
The lesson was quickly taught;

Meanwhile he learned another,

With more importance fraught,
For down the sunbeam stair-way

Came an angel form, unseen,

And changed his heart of pity
Into love, and crowned its queen.

Thro' the afternoon recitals
He almost dreamt sat,

For his heart kept up the rhythm
Of "pit-a-pat-pat-pat-pat."

But when the term was ended,

Not among the list was read

Her name as winning premium

For "leaving off at the head."

But the prize for "good behavior"

Was won by the orphan girl:

She rose, and from her forehead
Brushed back a clustering curl,

And said "Please give the Bible

To little Johnny Grout;

I'm sure he would have won it,

But sickness kept him out."

He did not miss a lesson,

Nor break a single rule,

Nor speak without permission,

When o'er he came to school;

And I have a Bible, that mother

Gave me on her dying bed,—

Well-worn, 'tis true, for every day,

Since then it has been read."

So the prize of a bright new Bible,
In azure velvet-bound,

With silver clasp bedecked with pearl,

In Johnny's hand was found.

And the teacher said in the school-room

Till the stars began to rise,

Wondering if she would as freely give

To him a coveted prize.

That eve, in the old red farm-house,

Where she led her servant life,

He sought and won the promise.

That gave him a Christian wife.

Twas long ago—but he often says,

To the grandchild on his knee,

"The noblest lessons of my life

My pupil taught to me."

STORY TELLER.

CAPTAIN JACK BALLAST'S YARN.

My story? Well, I don't see why I
should not scratch it down. There's
nothin' to be ashamed of in it, so far
as I know, and, though your regular
story writers mayn't call it "romantic,"

I think the wind sets that way myself;
and there's lots of love in it, too,
though you'd never think I was an
object for a love story to look at me.

I'm old 'nough, d'yee see, to feel safe
about the draft, and brown enough to
be a Hottentot; and as for flesh—well,
no matter; some of you slim young

dandies will be as stout as I if you live

as long. Beside, that fracas at
Gibraltar didn't improve my looks.

I'll tell you about that before the story
is over, I reckon; at present I'd better
headache.

Fat as I am and old as I am, there
was a time when I was as slender a
young fellow as ever shipped afore the
mast agin his parents' leave. They,

Lord bless 'em! wanted to make
counter jumper of me, and I tried

measuring rags about a year. Then

I could not stand it any longer, and

jumped the old counter for good, and

cut and went to sea. I'd had a hank-

ering for it a good while, and the

only thing I ever regretted was the

way my poor mother took it to heart.

Wait a bit. Honor bright, there was

one thing.

There was Jenny Blush, old Blush's

only daughter, and the prettiest girl

I ever cast eyes on. Her skin was

just as soft and fair as any baby's.

As for her hair, I've got a bit in my

old desk up stairs; and though it's

crossed the ocean about a dozen times

it's so bright now you'd take it for a

gold chain coiled down under the bit

of blue ribbon it's tied with.

Old Blush was my captain ashore.

I mean to say, he was the head of the

big dry goods store where they first
set me to measuring rags; and Jenny
used to come over every day after rib-
bons and calico and the like; and
Lord love ye! I don't find fault with
women folks looking after such things,
tho' it didn't seem a man's place to
sell 'em. She looked mighty pretty
when she put 'em on, Jenny did.
Father and old Blush were fast friends
and when they found out that I was
sweet on Jenny, they put their heads
together and resolved to sanction the
match. I was to be taken into par-
tnership, d'yee see, and was to step in
to the rag business when the old man
stepped out. "Dry Goods Wholesale
and Retail" was on the sign, but I al-
ways called 'em rags.

Well, Jenny and I were fond of
each other, and knew it already; so,
the old folks being agreeable, we saw
a good deal of each other, Sundays
and evenings, to say nothing of the
errands she made to the store. And
I used to wish I could make up my
mind to it and stay ashore; but I
could not if I died for it. I heard the
waves beating about my bed in dreams
I hated the cloth, yard and the scis-
sors so that they made me ill. And
one night I told Jenny so. She cried
a bit; but by-and-by she owned that
she didn't hate me for it, and we talked
of the time when I should be a
captain, and she could make every
voyage with me, and have a cabin like
a parlor to herself.

Then she let me kiss her. I pr's
she kissed me back; and I cut off the
yellow curl I told you of with a pair
of scissors—the only pleasant job I
ever had with the confounded things
in all my life.

That night I ran away, and, though
I blubbered like a baby when I passed
mother's door, you couldn't have coax-
ed me back again. What a man wants
to be he will be; and there are men
meant from their cradles for the water
as sartain as the fish are.

I got a letter from old mammy that
cut me up, I don't deny; but I knew
she'd come round, and I didn't guess
the worst—how should I? When it
first came to me that a man that sold
rags was better than a sailor it took
my breath away. This was when I
first went home, d'yee see! Mammy
she scolded and cried and kissed me;
but Margaret, Melinda, and brother
Charles Augustus pitched into me
fierciously. Says they: "You've dis-
graced your family—we have been
respectable genteel folks all our lives
and now we're to have a common sailor
for a brother." I caught it—
regular gale; and father put in his
regards. When I came I cleared out and marched
over to old Blush's. Nobody was at home
but Jenny, and she ran into my arms.
Well, we were billin' and cooin', as
sweethearts mostly do, I reckon, when
old Blush came home to ten. I never
heard a gale of wind roar louder than
he did when he saw me.

"What do you want here, sir?" says
he.

Says I, "Don't you recollect me,
Mr. Blush? I'm Jack Ballast."

Says he, "I recollect you well enough,
and how dare you show your face here!"

Says I, "I come to see my Jenny."

"You Jenny?" says he. "My good
fellow, Miss Jenny Blush is no match
for a common sailor before the mast;
and whatever there may be between
you when you were entitled to my
respect, it is all over now. You
have your choice of quietly walking
out yourself or of being kicked out."

Any one but Jenny's father would
have been floored for that. I just
looked up and down and saw my fists
shut up of themselves, and tried to
keep em so.

Says I, as cool as I could, "I don't
mean to be before the mast all my
life, sir. I expect to be a captain
some day."

"And," says old Blush, "a man with
no advantage, brought up to the sea,
might boast o' that; but you might
have been partner in our firm, sir.
You might have been a gentleman,
and had as good a business in the dry
goods line as any man alive. And
you have chosen to be a roving rascal.
And I'd see my daughter in the grave
before I would give her to you, to your
Sam, show this person out."

This was the nigger just come
aboard the parlor with his coal ad-
and when he said that my fists were
beyond my control, and the last I saw
of him was on his back on the
hearth rug. Then says I to the
darky, "Touch me if you want to, you
rascal," and stalked out.

So I lagged 'em in, and made my
way to the top loft o' Sunday<br

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 1.25
If not paid within six months, 2.00
These prices are variable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

THE DAY OF NATIONAL CELEBRATION.

The fourth of July is again at hand—the day which revives the patriotism of every true American—a day celebrated in the history of our country as the date of our national existence as a free and independent republic. The fourth of July, 1776, witnessed the birth of a Government proclaiming equal rights to all its people. One hundred and three years ago a band of heroic, brave patriots affixed their signatures to the parchment declaring the people of this country to be a free and independent nation. To the sturdy, self-sacrificing patriotism of the men and women of those years of privations and sufferings, through a kind Providence, are the people of this country in this day and generation indebted for their liberties and the untrammeled enjoyment of the unmeasured blessings with which we are surrounded. Patriotism and self-forgetfulness, for the greater good of the people, laid the corner-stone of this Government upon which the American people have built the most noble structure on the broad face of God's foot-stool. Our system of Government for and by the people is the wonder and envy of all nations. Our country is the asylum of the poor, the oppressed, and the stranger. Those who find tyranny too rank for them in their own native lands hie them to the "land of the free and the home of the brave," and seek protection under the shadow of our national flag.

Little did our forefathers look forward to the glorious future greatness of this republic. With the then scant population of this land, there was nothing to indicate the immensity of this now prosperous Union of forty millions of people. The great West was scarcely thought of, and the vast domain within the precincts of the present realms of our national Government was scarcely taken in by the prophetic vision of the founders of this nation. The vast domain peopled by Americans of the present day, if so much as thought of by the early settlers of this country, would have been looked upon as but an improbability if, indeed, not an impossibility. The noble men who declared the independence of the American people, and who adhered to their principles of a free Government by their baptism in peril and in blood, in all their loyalty and devotion to their country, and in their hopes and fears of its weal or woe, could scarcely conceive of the millions of happy people who this day pour forth their ovations of patriotism on this one hundred and third anniversary of American independence; and, amid all our enthusiasm and patriotism we should not forget the toils, privations, self-sacrifices and discomforts of the loyal heroes and heroines who endured peril and gave their lives for the securing of freedom for the oncoming generations of this now powerful and wealthy republic.

Well may we celebrate this anniversary of the declaration of independence by our revered forefathers. We have every reason to rejoice and make merry. Patriotism and loyalty must find vent for its pent-up gratitude. These fourth of July exuberances are but escape-valves for the patriotic emotions of a loyal people.

Our fourth of July celebrations are not indications of weakness; they rather prove a devotion to our country, and evince our gratitude towards the founders of our free Government. They mean more than a waste of gun powder and a foolish display of flags and bunting. Every squib and rocket fired, every drapery of the stars and stripes wafted by the zephyr's of this national holiday are most beautiful reminders of the soul-tried patriotic men and women who sacrificed their all for

the freedom of uncounted future generations. May the memory of those who fought, bled, and died in the achievement of our independence never become dimmed, and may the yet unborn millions to come after us forever call them blessed. The people of this country can well afford to make merry once a year over their blood-bought freedom.

We are a patriotic people, and a display of our patriotism once a year is none too often. But as patriotic as we are as a people, we but poorly realize at what a great cost our independence was purchased by our ancestors. They understood, in every sense, the meaning of the word freedom. They fully comprehended that unless they achieved victory over the armed hosts of the mother country, they and their posterity were doomed to be a nation of slaves—ruled by the caprices of a foreign government—as they and their fathers had been. They fought for freedom from the galling yoke of a despotic government and, by the help of a divine Providence, they lifted the yoke and secured the future freedom of this republic. The more than a century which has since elapsed has not only effaced a nation's memory of their heroism, but has made the mention of their names and deeds sweeter to a grateful people. Their bones have bleached on the battle field or their sacred ashes have reposed in the quiet cemetery for ages, but the ever-cherished memory of their deeds of grandeur, self-sacrifice, and loyalty are with us and will remain with us.

Our fourth of July parades, orations, and displays of pyrotechnics are no hollow mockery. Behind all there is a spirit of noble patriotism which has a broader, deeper emotion than the momentary enjoyment of mere display. These outward manifestations of joyous hilarity are but the echo of a deep-rooted patriotism in the hearts of the people. Then let patriotism rejoice and make the most of the day which so vividly associates our memory with those who purchased our country's freedom.

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, President.

were here, and it was cheerful to see them. It was a lovely day, not too warm. The new college buildings are very handsome.

The new capitol is much admired, and cost a great sum of money, but the old State House which has been repainted in beautiful color, is more to my taste. And it appears now like an old friend in improved health and spirits and a new suit.

Our absent friends will do well to come and take a look at the city. We shall be happy to see them.

A. P. L.

EIGHTH BI-ENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

To Meet at Buffalo, August 27th and 28th, 1879.

THE PROGRAMME.

The convention will convene in St. James' Hall, at 10 o'clock A. M., Wednesday, August 27th. It will be received by a citizens' committee, the Rev. Dr. A. F. Chester, Chairman, making the address.

Then will follow the address of the President of the Association, and the reports of the other officers.

Remarks by distinguished persons will close the morning session.

At two o'clock p. m. the oration will be delivered by Professor Thomas H. Jewell, of New York.

Discussions and remarks will follow.

The election of officers will close the afternoon session.

The Rev. Dr. T. Gallandet will conduct a "combined service" in St. John's Church Wednesday evening at a quarter before eight. Addresses will be interpreted in the sign-language. In the same church, on Thursday morning at 7 o'clock, there will be a celebration of the Holy Communion.

The Tift House, the best in the city, will receive deaf-mutes at \$3 per day. The Washington House, 342, 344, and 346 Washington street, will receive 20 deaf-mutes at \$1.50 a day. There are many other hotels in the vicinity of the hall, easily found, that will charge but \$1.50 a day.

Excursions to Niagara Falls are of daily occurrence, arrangements by rail or boat are soon made, and it is proposed to devote Thursday to an excursion.

This programme may be modified to suit the requirements of the time or the audience.

ALPHONSO JOHNSON, President.

SHOOTING STARS.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, With its Home for the Aged and Infirm.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS FOR APRIL, 1879.

S. V. Hoffman.....	\$100.00
Vermilyea.....	10.00
Cash.....	.25
G. W. Schenck.....	2.00
Miss C. Baxter.....	5.00
Easter offerings (St. Ann's).....	10.00
Service for deaf-mutes, Brooklyn.....	.21
Woodbury G. Langdon.....	22.00
J. W. Gould.....	25.00
Deaf-mute Bible-class, St. Paul's Church, Troy, through Miss Gould.....	10.00
T. L. Southwick, Albany.....	10.00
Offerings, service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, Albany.....	9.84
C. H. Lovell.....	2.00
Dr. J. L. Markee.....	5.00
Mr. H. C. Farnsworth.....	5.00
Ac. C. A. Jackson.....	1.00
J. S. Wells.....	5.00
A. V. H. Shuyevant.....	2.00
M. J. Hart.....	1.00
J. E. Tuttle.....	1.00
U. F. Pond.....	1.00
Miss Taglia.....	2.00
E. W. Todd.....	2.00
St. Andrews Church, Harlem, deaf-mute service.....	.33
St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn.....	.33
Mr. J. L. Morris, Williamsburg, deaf-mute service.....	5.00
A. Woodward.....	1.00
Z. P. Schmidt.....	10.00
D. T. W. Worden.....	1.00
E. S. Whitman.....	2.00
Cash and Anonymous.....	73.00
MAY.	
Mrs. J. L. Morris, of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, for Home Mission boy of House of the Good Shepherd, Tompkin's Cove, through Rev. Mr. Gay.....	25.00
Christ Church, Williamsburg, deaf-mute service.....	3.00
St. Andrews, Harlem.....	.47
Mrs. Lord.....	.47
Mrs. M. S. White.....	5.00
Valentine G. Hall.....	5.00
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Mrs. Russell.....	1.00
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R. Bassell.....	2.00
St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, deaf-mute service.....	.21
Dr. F. B. Barnard.....	.21
P. L. Macfarland.....	.20
P. B. Eaton.....	1.00
Mrs. H. A. Vermilyea.....	2.00
Mrs. M. A. Easton.....	5.00
Francis Delafield.....	5.00
Miller & Flinn.....	2.00
Christ Church, Williamsburg, deaf-mute service.....	.56
Daniel Huntington.....	25.00
Cash and Anonymous.....	56.75

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.

Divine services, with preaching, will be held (D. V.) at Grace (Episcopal) Church in this village, until further notice, every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and 6:30 P. M.

Sunday-school after the morning services.

On every Friday, at 7 o'clock p. m., evening prayers will be offered, and directly after, the weekly rehearsal of music for the following Sunday.

At these services the Rev. Albert A. Brockway will officiate.

"Come together again that Satan tempt you not."—I Cor. vii. 5.

BEAUTIFUL HARTFORD.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 27, 1879.
EDITION JOURNAL.—This is a very pleasant city in the summer. June is the best time to visit it.

Yesterday was Commencement Day at Trinity College. Rev. Dr. Gallandet, of St. Ann's Church, New York, and Dr. Edward Gallandet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington,

were here, and it was cheerful to see them. It was a lovely day, not too warm. The new college buildings are very handsome.

The new capitol is much admired, and cost a great sum of money, but the old State House which has been repainted in beautiful color, is more to my taste. And it appears now like an old friend in improved health and spirits and a new suit.

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Correspondence.

All our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The college closed its session on the 18th ult. On that day the graduating class received its degrees. James J. Murphy, of Wisconsin, delivered the valedictory address in a very interesting manner. Two pupils belonging to the primary department graduated the same day, namely, Lydia Litner, of Maryland, and a young man, Grangnard, from the far South.

Professors Hotchkiss and Denison have gone to the mountains of Tennessee for two months, and with them went John G. Saxton, of New York, for two weeks.

Edward Van Damme, of Michigan, is at present staying in Philadelphia under medical treatment. His left arm, which has been disabled from infancy, is to be operated upon by the ablest surgeons of that city.

Lars M. Larson, of Wisconsin, on the 18th ult., made the fastest time on record in pedestrianism within the college. When he arrived at the depot he put his hand in his pockets for his ticket to Chicago. It was not there. In vain he felt all around him. Thinking it might be in his trunk, he had it opened and searched, but with no better success. At last it occurred to him that he might have left it in his room. No sooner thought of than acted upon, away he started back to the college, at a fast pace, but when his room was reached he paused at the threshold, for he suddenly remembered that he had put the ticket in his valise, which was then at the depot. Hurrying back as fast as his sturdy legs could carry him, he arrived just in time for the train. A few minutes more and he would have been too late. He had gone the distance from the depot to the college and back—three miles—in thirty minutes.

Theodore Kiesel was summoned home by telegraph, a few days before examination, to the death-bed of his mother. He has the entire sympathy of the students in his bereavement. He is now an orphan.

The annual picnic of our Sunday school took place, in conjunction with that of a Presbyterian church in the city, on the 14th ult., at Mount Vernon. It was an enjoyable affair, the students cutting up more than usual on that occasion. The thing which served to amuse the whole party on board the boat was the act of two students taking ladies to the piano, and keeping accompaniment with their playing by making signs for various instruments of music such as the violin, flute, the drum, etc. They added considerably to the general amusement by clapping their hands in praise of the playing of the ladies. They declared that the deaf-mutes present appreciated the music better than the hearing people on board. The visit to Mount Vernon was made by most of the party on the same old road which had been trodden over by Washington. It would be worth while to describe the old mansion and its grounds, but it would take up too much space.

On Monday, the 16th ult., Professor Draper, one of our tutors, was united in marriage to a highly accomplished hearing young lady of the city. The wedding was private, only friends and relatives of the happy couple having been invited. The graduating class was present by invitation. Professor Hotchkiss acted as the best man. Perhaps Professor Draper will excuse me for mentioning the fact that he had a rival, a young lawyer (hearing,) but he won his bride.

The annual prize for the best examination for admission to the freshman class has been discontinued this year for some reason or another. It is said that the gentleman who usually awarded the prize withdrew his money from the bank where it was put at interest two or three years ago. Then the members of the faculty contributed something towards the prize each year since then, but, as they had seen the bad effects of the prize upon those who had competed for it and failed, they thought it best to discontinue the custom. The annual heartburnings may be saved, but still something should be done to encourage the studious and diligent. George T. Dougherty, '82, would have been entitled to this year's prize if it was awarded.

At the Baltimore convention of the Young Men's Christian Association John A. Prince, of '79, addressed orally the vast audience that was present. He spoke at some length of the good work that had been done in the college. He described the efforts that had been made to keep up the sacred spark of Christianity among the students, and in closing he made the following eloquent remark: "In the next convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, I hope to be able to prove that the Young Men's Christian Association of the National Deaf-Mute College is an important link in the chain of associations that bind these United States with the Canadas." In order to give a general idea of the manner in which we render passages from the Bible, Lars M. Larson, of '82, declaimed in signs the beautiful and tender 23d Psalm. He was called upon again to render the Lord's Prayer in signs. This is the first instance of an association for deaf-mutes being admitted into an association for hearing people. It is a step in the right direction.

A great deal has been written pro and con on the name of the college since the subject first came up for discussion. While some students and

graduates argued in favor of adopting that of "Gallaudet" there were others who argued that as Amos Kendall had given his name and influence to the project, at a time when the sanction of some well-known man was needed to carry it through Congress, he was fairly entitled to the honor. It must be confessed that the strongest arguments made thus far have been made by those who do not favor a change of name. The strongest of all was the undeniable fact that this is a national college supported by the national Government, and that if once a change was made trouble would arise in Congress upon the subject of appropriations. The change can never be made until the college has an endowment fund of its own and is independent of Congress. Then, and not until then, would it be safe to make the proposed change. The Hartford Institution has a fund by which it is supported and made to rest on a secure basis. Harvard College has money invested in real estate in various parts of Boston and elsewhere. Perhaps in the distant future some individual will endow this college with a fund sufficient to render it independent of Congress; such an individual will earn the life-long gratitude of those who may share the benefits of the college. The next best plan would be to secure an act of legislature of every State in the Union to provide for the higher education of those deaf-mutes who may desire it, at its own expense, in this college. In that letter from "Ex-Student" the shafts of ridicule which the writer aimed at the chagrinings, as he called those who desired a change of name, were keen and telling. Any one acquainted with the writer can have no difficulty in recognizing him; there is no mistaking the half bantering, half ironical style of the writer from Chicago. But not all his wit and sarcasm can remove the sense of humiliation which most intelligent deaf-mutes feel at being regarded as objects of the pity which the term "deaf and dumb" is likely to arouse in the minds or hearts of other people. Look at the system under which pupils are brought up at an institution; you will find that, as a rule, with but few exceptions, consider themselves to belong to a class apart from the rest of the world and that they seem to think, like all persons who depend upon others for support, that the world owes them a living, all of which is a result of that term deaf and dumb. If instead of forcing our misfortune upon the attention of the public and reminding ourselves constantly of it, we should go so far as to forget it, all would be the better for it. "What cannot be cured must be endured;" certainly, but why should we couple everything that concerns us with the words deaf-mute? If it must be endured, let it be endured in silence. As well might we say Kendall Deaf-Mute Base-Ball Club or Deaf-Mute Literary Society if we must let the world know that we are a distinct body. Not a mile from Kendall Green stands a college for colored young men, and it is named Howard University in honor of General O. O. Howard, the founder. Now, how would it strike us if the university was named "Howard Colored University"? The term "colored" is never used by the students themselves in referring to their university. They know that they are colored, but they endure it in silence. Henry H. Moore, the painter, is so sensitive that he would never allow himself to be praised, or recommended as a deaf-mute. In this he shows but the right spirit. I don't want to be understood as trying to shut my eyes to the plain fact that I am a deaf-mute, but what I object to is the practice of coupling everything that intimately concerns us with the term deaf-mute, as it engenders a dangerous spirit of "clannishness" and tends to widen the distinction between us and the rest of the world.

STUDENT AT HOME

STANDING BY THE JOURNAL.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 24, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I send you \$1.50 again for my subscription to your paper for another year. Verily, I can not let myself be separated from the valuable paper which has been my favorite friend for three years, and which has been a great benefit to me. The paper has improved greatly since I first subscribed for it. It was too much like a paper written and printed by hearing people at that time, but now it is noticeably one used by the deaf-mutes themselves. It is a favorite and an interesting paper, and I hope it will continue as good as it is at the present time or improve more.

The news in regard to the deaf-mutes, which is worthy to be known by the friends and readers of the Journal, is by no means duly appreciated by the readers. An absurd idea prevails among some deaf-mutes that the Journal is poor, and that some other deaf-mute paper will beat it. What a selfish idea! This absurd idea comes only from the fruits of hasty impulses; the unfolding of sudden thought; the flashing of intuition; the gleaming of fancy, or the selfishness of the heart. In another respect some deaf-mutes may be possessed of jealousy and ambition to have the Journal thought to be of less merit than some others papers. Well, nothing can be more injurious to the selfish people who speak evil of the Journal than this way of thinking, for the truth is that the Journal is a success, and the deaf-mutes should contribute to its columns, make them stirring and interesting, and give vent to their noblest expressions. Seemingly constant passing before our eyes; truth and falsehood walk side by side, and many interesting and instructive incidents might be written by deaf-mutes

for the JOURNAL. The prosperity which the JOURNAL has attained and now enjoys is mainly due to the instrumentality and energy of its able editor and several of its readers who have become correspondents and written articles for it. While this continues, the capacity of attaining still higher degrees of prosperity exists.

How should we answer him who has ventured to destroy the glory of our valuable paper, or how should we answer him who fans every kindling flame of local prejudice? Full of gratifying anticipations and hopes, let us look forward to the time when our cherished paper will stand on a strong and steadfast foundation.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

REV. DR. GALLAUDET'S AND REV. A. W. MANN'S WESTERN SERVICES.

DEAR JOURNAL:—A long ride through the night brought us from Kansas City to St. Louis. We arrived on Saturday morning. The doctor went to the residence of a cousin of Mrs. Gallaudet and the writer to his headquarters at St. Luke's Hospital, corner of Tenth and St. Charles streets.

The following Sunday found us at St. George's Church, at the regular morning service, when the doctor preached for the rector, the Rev. Dr. Holland. After service we dined with him.

A service in signs only was held at three o'clock, at Christ Church, at which two persons received the sacrament of baptism at the hands of Dr. Gallaudet. The attendance of our people (mutes) was about sixty.

In the evening a "special" or "combined service" was held at St. George's Church, with a large attendance of the regular congregation.

The next day we visited the day school under the charge of Mr. D. A. Simpson. It numbered 35 pupils with several more in prospect. Professor Long, assistant superintendent of the city schools of St. Louis, was present and expressed himself as greatly satisfied at the progress of the pupils.

Monday evening found us boarding the train for Indianapolis, which we reached the next morning very early. Retiring for a few hours we obtained some much needed sleep and rest.

After partaking of a late breakfast we started out and called on the Rev. E. A. Bradley, rector of Christ Church. From his house we went to that of Bishop Talbot, and enjoyed a short but pleasant conversation. The bishop is deeply interested in the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. We then visited the institution. We found Dr. MacIntire making preparation to vacate the office of superintendent, which he had filled for twenty-six years. We did not meet the new superintendent, as he had not yet arrived. Before service we called on several of the teachers, living in the vicinity of the institution, making the last call at Mr. Vail's, where we took tea. Many of the older pupils attended the service. Bishop Talbot was present, and made a brief address.

The fair and festival were fairly patronized. Had it not been for the exhibition or Presentation Day of the Free Academy the chapel might have been crowded. There were, however, several distinguished persons who seemed to take an interest in the exhibition.

The following day a large number of deaf-mutes, with friends, boarded the steamer Ella for Watch Hill, Capt. Walker furnished us with every convenience for the excursion. He had a son among the silent assembly who then acted as his clerk. Fred is a fine looking man and always ready to entertain his friends among the masts. The trip down the Thames river was very pleasant; parasols were not in requisition as the clouds served as a canopy for us against the burning rays of Sol. Mr. Edmond made the occasion pleasant by relating the incidents of Indian battles, and marking the places where they occurred about hundred and thirty years ago.

Arriving at Watch Hill, the deaf-mutes betook themselves to the hotel nearest, where they disarmed themselves of their burden. Then they went in parties along the shore in search of shells and pebbles. Often the waves touched the soles of their feet as they were innocently pursuing their way.

Some of the strolling party proceeded as far as the light house where the waves beat and break on the strong shore. Sometimes the waves roll gently and spread a few rods from us, then come a fifth or sixth wave and throw the water up above the standing margin. One of the party got well drenched as he was so much interested in the colored stones along shore and no warning was given for him to flee. The walk along shore and the pure sea air had sharpened our appetites, so at the regular dinner hour we did full justice which rested in grateful and patriotic hearts. This was shown in the decoration with flowers and flags of the graves of brave men who died in the defense of the Union. They are not greatly interested.

The next service was to be held at Akron, O., the next day. Akron is about forty miles from Cleveland. There was an addition to the party of missionaries in the person of Mrs. Mann, who accompanied us as far as Meadville. The Rev. Mr. Ganter, the rector, read the evening service, which was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet for the dozen mutes present. All were greatly interested.

An accident of some kind delayed our train the next day. Your readers, many of them, know how wearisome it is to wait for a train. Everything about a railway station wears a stereotyped look, with nothing to make the weary hours pass lightly. At last the train came. Delated trains run very fast sometimes to make up lost time; so did ours. We reached Meadville early in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Carstenen was at the station to meet us. We went to his house.

It was Decoration Day. Flags waved everywhere. People from the country dressed in holiday attire were promenading the principal streets. Soldiers with music were the principal attraction. All of these demonstrations were the outcome of a deep sentiment which rested in grateful and patriotic hearts. This was shown in the decoration with flowers and flags of the graves of brave men who died in the defense of the Union. They are not greatly interested.

Dinner over we enjoyed ourselves in the several muscular exercises found along shore—gentlemen and ladies taking part.

The hour came for us to leave. All on board, the Ella whistled her departure and we assembled in groups for a chat. As we reached the headquarters of the Yale Boat Club we saw one boat pushed off, and noticed the regular strokes of the oarsmen as their boat cut through the water. The Ella reached her Norwalk landing in good time, and the excursion was altogether very pleasant.

We are much obliged to Capt. Walker for so pleasantly entertaining us, and the presence of Mrs. Walker made the occasion more pleasant. They should feel duly proud of their son Fred, who so kindly entertained us and acted as clerk on board.

W. H. WEEKS.

A FAIR AND FESTIVAL.

MR. EDITOR:—A fair and festival was held in the Park Congregational Church in the evening of the 25th inst. under the direction of Mr. H. V. Edmond, the friend and Sunday school teacher of the deaf and dumb. Quite a number of deaf-mutes availed themselves of the occasion. A respectable delegation of mutes from Hartford and surrounding towns was heartily welcomed.

The weather in the afternoon and evening indicated rain, but the occasion was to come off rain or shine. Some rain had fallen, and only enough to keep the streets free of dust.

The chapel was tastefully arranged. In one corner was a throne which a crown surmounted. On one of the walls was hung a motto reading in large letters "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." The tables were loaded with sugar-coated cakes of all descriptions, and beautiful bouquets of flowers were tastefully arranged. On one of the tables were articles made and furnished by deaf-mutes, showing strongly their interest in the fair and also their industry. In connection with the fair was an exhibition of the deaf and dumb showing the art of teaching. One of the most wonderful branches of art was the facial alphabet, in which words were expressed by the various motions of the face without the use of the fingers or hands.

Busy children were running about selling catalogues to the Art Gallery at one penny a piece. There were present about fifty deaf-mutes, from the gray-headed sire down to the child of six or seven summers. While mingling with the crowd of spectators, a most amusing incident occurred. A lady conversant with the language of the deaf and dumb to a considerable degree introduced herself to a gentleman well versed in the language of the deaf and dumb. The gentleman, believing the lady to be deaf, asked her with his fingers what her name was, and then by signs he put the forefinger of his right hand to her ear and mouth and pointed toward the lady reading thus, "deaf dumb you?" The mistake was soon discovered and the parties had to laugh in their sleeves. Each one knew the other before, and they both could hear and speak, but on this occasion they were so much mixed with the deaf and dumb that they forgot themselves. Mr. Bartlett, one of the oldest teachers of deaf-mutes, tendered his assistance in the exhibition, which made the occasion of more than common interest as he could explain the way and the progress of teaching the deaf and dumb.

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W. H. WEEKS.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

July 6,	Pittsburg, Pa.
" 9,	Jackson, Mich.
" 10,	Grand Rapids "
" 11,	Flint "
" 13,	Detroit "
" 18,	Indianapolis, Ind.
" 20,	St. Louis, Mo.

Other appointments will be made later on.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOE TURNER.

WILMINGTON, N. C., June 26, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. RIDER:—You do not know how busy I have been since my last letter was written at Savannah, Ga. I should have met my appointment for that fine city Sunday before last, the 15th inst., but it was hot that I could not do anything. I was, therefore, advised to wait until next winter. The Rev. Mr. Boone said as follows: "Please do not misunderstand. The winter is the time in the South when we are having full services and would be most glad to have the change and the new interest which such a service would give." In Savannah most of the churches have but one service Sundays during the hot weather.

The chapel was tastefully arranged. In one corner was a throne which a crown surmounted. On one of the walls was hung a motto reading in large letters "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." The tables were loaded with sugar-coated cakes of all descriptions, and beautiful bouquets of flowers were tastefully arranged. On one of the tables were articles made and furnished by deaf-mutes, showing strongly their interest in the fair and also their industry. In connection with the fair was an exhibition of the deaf and dumb showing the art of teaching. One of the most wonderful branches of art was the facial alphabet, in which words were expressed by the various motions of the face without the use of the fingers or hands.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

ENEMIES.

The following, clipped from the editorial department of the *Educator*, published at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, contains so much in accord with our personal views on the subject, that we take pleasure in giving it space in our paper, hoping that it will be carefully read and well remembered by our readers.

"One of the best things to have, and one of the meanest things to be, is an enemy. Enemies may be divided into two classes, the intentional and the unintentional, corresponding to the characterizations, the knave and the fool. In the one case, those who hate us most sincerely may be our best friends, and, in the other, those who love us most devotedly may be our worst enemies. The former may do us only good; the latter, only harm."

Under our heading we will confine our remarks to those who, with malice aforethought, are bent upon making us uncomfortable and unhappy, without any desire for our good; who, in fact, would rejoice at any misfortune that might happen to us, misfortune they would be only too happy to bring upon us.

The very fact that some one hates us indicates that we are pre-eminent for something. Envy, like death, always chooses a shining mark. No one rises above the plane of his fellows without becoming a target for the arrows of detraction. If he is superior in goodness, the wicked begin at once to call his motives in question. If he is superior in wickedness those who would be more wicked if they could criticise his methods. The bold, bad man finds his enemy in the skulking, sneaking villain, and *vice versa*. The enmity of the wicked or of the stupid is, in one sense, a compliment; while, on the contrary, their applause is a disgrace. Daniel Webster when severely censured in some respects by a political opponent, and approved in others, made this stinging reply: "I can bear his abuse, but when he praises me I begin to tremble for my reputation."

The good man also hates, but he hates the sin, not the sinner. He loves what is good; he hates what is evil.

When the bad man becomes good, he comes under the rays of his approbation; when the good man becomes bad, or the originally bad man continues bad, he falls under the relentless hail of his opposition. But the wicked will always find the good working for their real welfare and their abandonment of what is evil. The good man is, therefore, never a personal enemy; he is really a friend.

The implied tribute to our excellence, from personal enmity, is the lowest reason why we should be willing to have an enemy, disagreeable as it undoubtedly is. There are other and greater advantages.

A knowledge of his existence keeps us from that sense of security which lulls us to repose.

It stimulates us to vigilance and energy.

It awakens the mental faculties, and leads us to examine our principles and methods.

It gives a new zest to perseverance in the path we consider right, for, by giving us something to overcome, it adds to the happiness that arises from a good conscience, the delight of victory.

It keeps us from that pride which goeth before destruction, and leads us to look up, with humility and dependence, to Him who has said: "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." It teaches us, at the same time, the self-respect which refuses to acknowledge the enmity of others, and treats all their opposition with the reticence which is born of courage.

The usefulness of enemies justifies their existence, even that of the arch-enemy made so prominent in the sacred writings, but it does not justify them. There is little good to be said of him whose heart is filled with rancor, malice and all uncharitableness; who desires for others evil and not good; who seeks to tear down and not to build up. The principal hope for such is the prayers and forgiveness of those whom they have sought to injure, and the repentance which is never too late if it be sincere."

FINE PICTURES FOR ALL.

The Great Art Publishing House of George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine, moves steadily on in the even tenor of its way, apparently not feeling the dull times. During the year 1878 they sold over Four Million pictures of all descriptions. They publish every description of fine pictures, and the prices range from ten cents upwards to twenty dollars per copy.

Their correspondence for this large business is immense; they receive, on an average, over one thousand letters per day. Messrs. Stinson & Co. publish only the better class of pictures, and it is well known that anything coming from this reliable house is of standard merit. We have just received copies of four very fine steel engravings, which they have just brought out. The plates were engraved in London, at an expense of four thousand pounds sterling, or twenty thousand dollars, to which great sum must be added the customs duty of twenty-five per cent. on account of their being imported into the United States. These engravings are after paintings by great modern masters of art, and the artists who engraved the plates stand in the front rank of the world's renowned engravers.

IMPROVED BY READING THE JOURNAL.

KINGSTON, Pa., June 21, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—I think the Journal is a splendid paper. It seems that it is growing better. I am pleased to read it.

I will try to write an interesting letter. I hope you will be pleased to peruse it.

I am at home. We live on a farm. There are no cities nor towns near here, but there are a few roofs of the houses in sight which are some distance from here. There are no deaf persons living near here. I am amongst the speaking people. I always talk with them by writing or spelling. My folks can spell on their fingers very well. None of them can make signs. Do you think that I ought to teach them to make signs? I want to improve in writing language.

I noticed the articles in the paper about sticking up their noses at the deaf-mute girls. I never met any well-bred lady or gentleman who stuck up their noses at me, and all the intelligent people that I am acquainted with speak to me.

Here everything looks very quiet. I read a great deal. It does not make me lonesome. The next holiday in the country will be the fourth of July. Almost every town in this county except Mercer celebrates it. It is not as warm here as in Philadelphia when I was at school.

I was there eight years, and I feel grateful to that institution for the kind treatment and teaching I received there.

I am always anxious to get your paper to read the news from the Philadelphia institution. I have been at home one year, and it is an improvement to me to read your paper. My father tells me that he will have to buy me a pair of glasses for me if I don't stop reading so much at night. I am pleased to hear that the institution is improving very much this year.

I hope your paper will be the best in the world.

Yours respectfully,
E. A. JACK.

THE NATIONAL DEAF AND DUMB SOCIETY.

THE SOCIETY AND THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN SYNOD.

[Rev. Samuel Smith's Magazine.]

A deputation, consisting of Messrs. Alex. M. Duff and W. J. Hansell, representing the deaf and dumb of Edinburgh, John Henderson, for the deaf and dumb of Glasgow, and James Paul (Secretary), addressed the U. P. Synod in support of the claims of that society to the generous support and sympathy of the church; and at the close of a short address the Rev. Dr. G. C. Hutton moved that the sympathy of the church be extended to this deserving society, and that the congregations of the church be requested to contribute to its funds, and this was unanimously agreed to.

THE FORTHCOMING CONVENTION.

The third annual convention, to be held in London, is fixed for Friday, the 18th of July next. Programmes as to the place and business of meeting will be duly announced in the next number.

We understand that the Rev. Samuel Smith will be nominated as president of the convention.

G. W. M. Reynolds, the well-known novel writer, is dead.

SUNDAY READING.

WITH JESUS.

"They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus."—Acts 4:13.

At morn, noonday, and even,
Each passing cloud, each falling tear
Shows rainbow tints of heaven.

At morn, when dormant Grace awakes,
And to our knees we're bidden,
Thy loving word the silence breaks,
To tell of sins forgiven.

At noon, when the day is bright,
And all things fair to see
Are full of life, and love, and light,
The sunshine comes from Thee.

At night, when shadows fit about,
And confidence destroy :—
On to Emmaus all is doubt,
Returning all is joy.

Thus taught by Thee, both night and day,
And freed from chains of sin,
We gladly hasten on our way
To bring the wanderers in.

The time of trial soon arrives,
And then all men may see,
By fearless words and holy lives,
That we have been with Thee.

Another day shall greet our eyes,
Of which we know in part ;
When we shall in Thy likeness rise,
And see Thee as Thou art.

—*Canon Bateman, in Sunday at Home.*

"Thy Will be Done."

It is indispensable that we be brought into a state where we can truly and heartily say, "Thy will be done"—"welcome, sweet will of God." There can be no heaven without this.

It is indispensable to salvation that the heart be so won over to God that it will be supremely pleased with whatever He does. If a Providence must be to our liking—must be to our present comfort—or we object to it, we evince a state of heart that needs subjugation. God can never make us understand all the reasons of His conduct. He has abundantly proved to us how He loves us, and there is every reason that we should have sufficient confidence in Him to be happy in what He does. If we are not so, we need, above all things, to have God deal with us. To a man whose limb is out of joint, the supreme need is to have the dislocation brought into place, for to have the pain eased, and be left so, would be no kindness; so, if we are out of joint in the condition of our hearts, the greatest kindness to us is to bring us back into harmony with God by whatever process is needed.

Mr. Widd uses the words, "ineducated congenital deaf-mutes,"—that is, he must mean children and adults as one. Now, there is a great difference between adult deaf-mutes and those of younger years, and writers should never class them together as one, but state what class of uneducated deaf-mutes they speak of, so that there might be a perfect understanding.

Also, the idiotic deaf-mutes should not be confounded with the uneducated

deaf-mutes.

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Mr. Widd says: "The intellectual condition of the congenital deaf-mute, before instruction, is little above that of the more intelligent brute, and lower than that of the most unenlightened savages," and that "to deny a deaf-mute education is to keep his mind on a level with the brutes."

These are Mr. Widd's own words, and he tries to prove that it is so! I believe this, from what I know, to be the true state of the congenital uneducated deaf-mute children. They live a life of silent loneliness in darkness and ignorance, unable to communicate in a proper manner their wants, thoughts and feelings to others, and, saddest of all, know not that they have a soul, and are ignorant of Him who died to redeem them. This is very sad, and I believe it to be the true state of the majority of the congenital, uneducated deaf-mute children. They live a life of silent loneliness in darkness and ignorance, unable to communicate in a proper manner their wants, thoughts and feelings to others, and, saddest of all, know not that they have a soul, and are ignorant of Him who died to redeem them. This is very sad, and I believe it to be the true state of the majority of the congenital, uneducated deaf-mute children. 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